

## Marigolds

Cursive

There's a pond beyond the hospital  
All night long I watch the wind ripple  
From the windows of the ICU  
The warbled mirror of a waning moon

If you can hear me, just squeeze my hand  
Everybody is flying in  
I keep shooping away the chaplain

Flowers frame the walls of the hallway  
I began to learn them all by name  
Marigolds can often stand for death  
The nurse suggested buying baby's breath

If you can hear me, just squeeze my hand  
Blink your eyes if you understand  
Maybe we should call the chaplain